ordinary reticence in the so-called novels

written by a certain type of woman. The ex-

essibilities of the sex relationship nowadays

carcely shocks us, and the woman who uses an

imperfect understanding of a few physiological

acts as her literary starting point has come to

be regarded as nothing more harmful than an

ordinary bore. The sorrows of Angelique move

us only to a feeling of pity-for the author. Ange-

she was fitted to do bigger, better, nobler work

than sewing new collars and cuffs on father's

shirts, and mother was a holy terror. Mother

had no soul beyond under linen and pots of

jam. She wandered around the house in a

noiseless, flatfooted fashion, and she had an

unpleasant, and altogether inexcusable, habit of

going through Angelique's pockets and reading

meant for Art. She tried the stage and failed

miserably, and as she had meanwhile accumu-

lated £500 worth of debts she married a

little Jewish gentleman from Whitechapel

who had money. His name was Israel Isaacs,

but he changed this to lan Ingram. He thus

acceded to the wishes of Angelique and at the

same time obviated the necessity of changing

the initials on his sleeve links. They lived in a

London suburb, in a jerry-built house with

little conservatory and rooms full of job-lot

bric-à-brac; but, as Angelique continued

to get into debt, and Mr. Isaacs became

altogether too friendly with the parlormaid.

they ended with a divorce. Then Angelique

married an elderly artist, the friend of Duch-

the fashionable women of his day. He was an

indulgent old gentleman, but he would insist

upon eating lobster salad and cream and taking

liqueur brandles after his dinner. Then he

would go home and have spasms, and Ange-

lique had to put mustard plasters on him; and

the author gives us a nice, long comprehensive

description of the process of making and

applying a mustard plaster, which should be

useful to ladies with elderly husbands whose

appetites are under imperfect control. Ange

lique still continued to spend money recklessly,

and the old gentleman oscillated between amor

ousness and acute indigestion, and with a feel-

ing of intense relief we take leave of Ange-

lique at a point where she is apparently

about to drink herself to death. The author

ends with this solemn peroration "I have no

more to say. The story of Angelique is not a

one; but it is the story which may be true of the

the one motive which has been found to make

since such bonds became a civilized institution.

A comfortable home what is it? A silken

cushion -a flounce of lace - an indigestible dish

A marriage of ambition well, what does that

realization of a truth that was written more

than three hundred years ago by the wise man

"O, the flerce wretchedness that glory brings us!"

In "Songs and Fancies of Buffalo" (Charles

Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N Y), Mr. John

Charles Shea sings blamelessly and with en-

thusiasm of the city that is his home. The ex-

cellent work of the charity organization, the

beauty of Buffalo, the public spirit of her busi-

ness men, and her environments of lake and

river are here decorously and justly celebrated.

The poet goes a fishing and comes home to

commemorate his exploits in verse; he praise

the belies of St Louis and even says the kindly

thing of the ladies of Cadiz with a subsequent

Those man undoing ladies who bewitch

Are the sweetest thing that go.

He says a word for Dreyfus and has a slay

here and there at the Canadians across the

And, oh, the girls of Buffalo, in knickerbocker

Or skirts that seem to tantalize the beauty of their

And bloomers, too, for I maintain and stoutly here

A portrait of the Bard faces the title page.

We have already mentioned in this column the

excellent little series of Temple Primers pub-

lished in England by the Dent house and in this

country by the Macmillans. The latest volume

is Mr. Edward Jenks's "History of Politics."

The aim of the publishers of these handy little

books is to provide in convenient and accessi-

ble form the information which the usual

bulky and high-priced encyclopædias place be-

youd the easy reach of the average reader

The books are to be international and the

names of the scholars who are to cooperate are

all distinguished. The series promises to be

admirably adapted to the needs of scholars,

The latest volume issued in the Haworth

edition of the Bronte Novels (Harpers) is "The

Tenant of Wildfell Hall," by Anne Bronte. It is

not a cheerful book. "Dear, gentle Anne," as

Mrs. Ward says in her introduction, "possessed

in full the Bronte seriousness, the Bronte

strength of will. When her father asked her at

four years old what a little child like her wanted

most, the tiny creature replied if it were not a

Bronte it would be incredible: 'Age and ex-

means rollicking family and "Wildfell Hall"

was the literary expression of her constitu

The Volta Bureau for the Increase and Diffu-

sion of Knowledge relating to the Denf, issues a

souvenir volume commemorating Helen Keller'

passing of the Harvard final examination for

admission to Radeliffe College in June last. The

volume contains a summary of the methods of

education pursued with Helen Keller, papers by

her instructors, Miss Sullivan and Mr. Keith,

Overlooking the Thames and Embankment

Gardens; commands an incomparable view.

By night a fairy scene. A rendezvous for

American society and European nobility.

The entire house, nearly 300 rooms and 100

bathrooms, is sumptuously furnished with

students and the general public

tional melancholy.

He is benevolent looking and a trifle bald.

reservation in favor of the home product

Dwelling off in distant Cadiz

You as you go.

Their old-time cut mantillas-

For Yankee girls in shirtwaists

Never mind their cigarillas.

and dance by the light of the moon

sults.

A Buffalo girl

Don't be lured by witching ladies

esses and the painter of the portraits of all

letters. So Angelique felt that she was

TOM THE INCORRIGIBLE.

LATEST AND WORST STATE OF CENTRAL PARK ELEPHANT. They're Building a Cage of Boller Iron for the Big Fellow Who Nods "Yes" When Boys and Girls Ask Him if He Wants Peanuts Bad Frem Babyhood, Now He's Murderous.

If Tom, the Central Park elephant, numbered cong among his numerous justly celebrated accomplishments he would spend his days singing with the utmost intensity of feeling: "I'm a bird in a gi-t-i-lided caige." The words will ome nearer to expressing Tom's feelings next week and thereafter than any other lyric he could select, though Tom's cage is not to be elided but plated with boiler iron. The contract has been let and the pen on the north side of the elephant house has been selected for the purpose. Tom, with his companion, Jewel, who is a perfect lady and would never think of sharing n his wicked and murderous perversity, stands in the next box with a chain on one hind leg and one fore leg, and watches the preparations

Tom is a "bad elephant." From his youth up his ways have been the ways of evil. He is known wherever circus men and animal trainers gather as one that is as bad as they make 'em. Hagenbeck, the animal importer, brought Tom to this country from India in Tom was very small then, not much bigger than a Shetland pony. Barnum & Bailey bought him from Hagenback and turned him over to George Arstingstall to be made into a clown elephant. Arstingstall is as efficient an elephant trainer as there is In these United States. He tells to-day that Tom was just a little bit too much for One day when he was teaching Tom to steal the ringmaster's whip during the performance of the other trained elephants he had occasion to discipline Tom with the sharp end of a mahout's iron. To his utter astonishment and to the huge joy of all beholders, the tiny elephant turned and charged on him with infantile ferocity. Arstingstall was knocked over as much by surprise as the force of the blow, but he got out of the way before the youngster could trample on him. He had never in all his life met with any animal quite so independent and self-reliant as Tom had shown himself to be and he predicted then and there that Tom would come to no good end in the show business and would almost certainly take a keeper or two along with him to the eternal hunting grounds.

In a travelling menagerie a small elephant that shows temper is teased just as a small boy is teased on showing the first signs of an uneasonable disposition. The elephant's temper is not improved by this sort of treatment any more than a small boy's would be. As Tom increased in size and strength his disposition grew steadily worse. He became known as the 'crazy elephant." He went wrong without the slightest warning and without any apparent On the circus parades through city streets Tom would cast his trunk on high and go hunting for trouble, trying to knock down the man who was marching beside him or to injure the spectators or to make trouble in any other way that occurred to his guilty soul. It was a common occurrence for the show people to have to send to the show grounds for the head elephant man to come and subdue the

head elephant man to come and subdue the brute before the parade could go on. In 1893 Barnum & Bailey became convinced that Tom in his prevailing state of mind was not, for a time at least, a fit subject for the showman's activities. They did not want to give him away or destroy him. They offered him to the city to be put on exhibition in Central Park until his temper should be improved by the quiet and even life he would live there under the kindly and sympathetic care of

rating an article on the attractions of the Park. Tom did the tricks when he was told to to them, but there was that in his eye which made Snyder the least bit doubtful of him. Bemade Snyder the least bit doubtful of him. Refore carrying out each order the elephant would bause a moment and think things over as though he were not quite certain whether the time for revolt was ripe. Snyder was devoutly grateful when the newspaper artist closed up his portfolio and said he had enough. Tom went back into his stall peaceably enough and snyder hoped for the best. On Sunday morning there appeared on Tom's cheeks the wet streak that shows that the ugly mood has taken possession of an elephant. It com's to him at tresular periods all through his life. Snyder says that it is the beast's badness working out of his brain.

presential periods all through his life. Snyder says that it is the beast's badness working out of hisbrain.

Snyder saw the sign and was cautious, although he was not really afraid of an outbreak. He went into the stall and Tom rolled his eye out at him. Snyder took care not to get within reach of a direct blow of the big trunk. Tom's task were cut off close to their roots long ago, so there was no danger from them. Tom seemed to be in a most peaceable mood as far as his keeper was concerned and Snyder felt pleased all over. In the midst of his glow of satisfactions, one of Tom's legs shot out behind like a suddenly animated tree trunk. It caught Snyder on the hip. He was closer to the leg when it started out than, perhaps, Tom thought, and it gave more of a push than a blow. But even as it was, Snyder landed outside the barnlike door of the elephant house with a look of dreamy surprise in his usually alert blue eyes.

No matter how ugly an elephant may be he must be cleaned and fed and attended to if he is to be kept in captivity. Snyder knew perfectly well that from wanted to kill him. By working Jowel up beside him, so that she held him against the wall. Snyder managed to put double chains on Tom. Then he felt a little safer Several times, though, Tom tried to crush Snyder against the sides of the stallor to knock him down and trampte on him. The urly mood passed off then and Tom became tractable feath. Snyder was convinced that his charge was sincerely sorry for the way he had behaved and made up. It was not a month, however, before the wet appeared on Tom's cheeks again and Snyder had to look out for his life every time he went into the stall. Tom tried strategy that time. He put out his trink appenlingly. Snyder reached out to pat it, and Tom drew it has little. Snyder reached out a little farteer, and Iom drew back the trunk a little more Snyder rather suspected by this time what it was that Tom was after. He braced himself for a fump and for a menth or two Snyder has even dared to put him through some

to put him through some of the tricks sed to delight the children. But the atabian apparently are to increase in frequency r says that now he has about come to the sion that Term is a roque elephant and is he trusted at any time or under any cirmoss, and for Snyder to say that mean times. on that Tom is a rouse elephan; and is a trusted at any time or under any circies, and for Snyder to say that mean lest. With the stumps of his tasks Tou airs of unrest has taken to gouging the walls of his prison. They are groovered in all angles to the depth of an including the stumps of the stumps of the partial will be weakened if the elephant is no ed in some way from the practice. ome way from the practice. sheathing for the inside of the north compart-ment and Tom can dull his stumpy ivories on that as much as he pleases. Meanwhile show people with bad elephants to give away bredn't apply at Central Park.

PRINCE IAD CHOKED TO DEATH.

A Prize Winning Pointer of High Pedigree a Victim of His Cwn Greed. Basylon, N. Y., May 11. - Prince Lad, a prize daning pointer of high pedigree, died to-day at the Westminister Kennel Club as a result of his greed. He was bred and raised by George

Mott, the club's superintendent, who had twice had an offer of \$1,000 for him but had fefused to part with him, hoping to get a still ott to-day threw two large pieces of meat

ohit to-day threw two large pieces of meat ohim and another dog which was in a kennel with him. Prince Lad swallowed one and then matched the other from his companion. In attempting to swallow it whole he became transfed and after suffering great agony doged to death. Every effort was made to ave his life but it was impossible to get the big lead of meat out of his throat. and make a remarkable and a valuable collecthe title given to a series of strange tales by Mrs. Arthur Cosslet Smith. The first of the

NEW BOOKS. Brief Reviews of Important and Interesting New Publications.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's books of historical esearch are not only good for reference, but they are also interesting. They possess attraction for the general as well as the particular reader. We all know that historical information is not invariably presented in a fascinating manner, and we are the more indebted to Mrs. Earle because she has been at the pains, or at least obeyed the instinct, to be readable. "Child Life in Colonial Days," by Mrs. Earle (Macmillan Company), has the entertaining qualifications of her other books.

In writing of Colonial child life Mrs. Earle begins naturally at the period of babyhood. Even Jonathan Edwards, who had developed great powers of sarcasm and a sonorous literary style at the age of 12, entered upon life as a baby. They were brave, and it seemed at first fortunate, children who were brought to New England by the settlers of Massachusetts Bay. Gov. Winthrop recorded that not a child showed "fear or dismayedness" on the voyage, and they landed on a June day, when, according to Joshua Scottow, an early historian who appreciated the favors of nature in New England in the month of June, there was a smell on the shore like the smell of a garden. Welcomed were these migrant children "with external flavor and sweet odor; fragrant was the land, such was the plenty of sweet fern, laurel and other fragrant simples; such was the scent of our aromatic and balsam-bearing pines, spruces and larch trees, with our tall cedars."

But it was different in winter, not only for those babies who came over in the first ships, but for all New England babies for many years after. It was a bleak world, Mrs. Earle reminds us, that they looked out upon in winter. There was one ceremony which called for babies of a Spartan mould, and which, as Mrs. Earle says, might well have given rise to the expression "survival of the fittest." All babies had to be baptized within a few days of birth, and the baptism had to take place in the meeting house, which was even a little more frigid than most New England places. We are called upon here to imagine the January babe carried through the wind-swept streets to the freezing sanctuary where the ice had to be broken in the christening bowl. Judge Samuel Sewall of Boston, who kept a diary, and to whom all writers of New England history are much beholden, recorded on Jan. 22, 1694: "A very extraordinary Storm, by reason of the falling and driving of Snow. Few women could get to Meeting. A Child named Alexander was baptized in the afternoon." The Judge tells of children of his own who were baptized when they were four days old. They were winter children, and the Judge has recorded that they shrank from the icy water,

The mortality among the infants of early New England was appallingly great. Fevers, influenzas, sore throats, "bladders in the windpipe" and smallpox carried them off in great numbers. It is hardly a wonder that the medicines with which they were dosed failed to save them. Snail water was used as a tonic and also as a lotion. Venice treacle was a medicine that was popular until within this century; it was supposed to have been invented by the physician of Nero and was made of vipers, white wine, opium, "spices from both the Indies," licorice, red roses, tops of germander and Saint John's-wort, some twenty other herbs, juice of rough aloes, and honey "triple the weight of all the dry spices " Mithridate, the favorite medicine of King Mithridates, was another dose that was given to early New England children; it by the quiet and even life he would live there inder the kindly and sympathetic care of keeper Billy Snyder and the contemplative scientific observation of the Hon. John M. Smith, director of the menagerle. For a while he did not behave any better in central Park than he had on the road with, the show. In time, however, Snyder made friends with him. He proved as easy a pupil as he had been a wicked fighter. Snyder made friends with him. He proved as table and can ceivitized dinner, to stand on his hind legs and dance and to hold the same difficult attitude while artists came and made sketches of him for magazine illustrations or for higher purposes. Snyder was very proud of Tom and used to go into the elephant house and exhibit him whenever there was a respite from the shooting of coyotes, the lassoing of rebras or any other of the assorted duties that have come to him and to Keeper Shannon in the course of their service of the city. Barnum & Bailey, after repeated efforts to sell the brute here and abroad, made vain by his reputation, gave him to the city outright.

A change a me over Tom last fall. It was not as sudden as his moods had been when he was with Arstingstall. Snyder saw it coming tone Thursday he had the elephant out in the yard back of the elephant house making him do his tricks for a newspaper artist, who was illustrating an article on the attractions of the Park. Tom did the tricks when he was told to contained forty-five ingredients, and it is safe

manners, their religions, thought and training, their story books, their needlecraft, their games and pastimes and their toys. There was a thoughtful Englishman of the name of Locke, who thought a great deal upon the subject of the bringing up of children, and who published in 1690 a book called "Thoughts on Education " which was much esteemed by New England parents. One thing that Locke strongly advised was to wash the child's feet in cold water daily, and to "have his shoes so thin that they might leak and let in water." Thanks to this kindly but strenuous authority on the needs of children, many a little New Englander was made to gasp for breath and brought to the very verge of a fit as he was held under the pump of a winter morning. Josiah Quincy was one. At the age of three he was taken every day from his warm bed and carried into the cellar and dipped three times in a tub of fresh pump water. He was also brought up to despise a comfortable condition of the feet. His shoes were purposely made to leak, in accordance with Locke's advice, and he has left it on record that he sat more than half the time with his feet wet and cold, and without the slightest injury to his health. Locke advised brown bread, cheese and warm beer as proper food for children, but this advice was not much followed in New England, if it was followed there at all. The New England child got more milk than beer; but the diet prescribed by Locke certainly took hold elsewhere, for it is recorded here that a little English girl from Barbadoes, who had been sent to school in New York, complained in a letter to her parents than the lady having charge of her gave her only water for dinner. and that her father wrote back that she was a child of position and quality, used to the luxuries of life, and that wine and beer must be

put at her disposal In a chapter on childish precocity we have much that is curious. John Evelyn's son Richard died in 1658 at the age of 5, and the father recorded in his diary: "He had learned all his catechism at two years and a half old; he could perfectly read any of the English, Latin, French or Gothic letters, pronouncing the first three languages exactly. He had, before the fifth year, or in that year, not only skill to read most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular, and most of the irregular: learned out Puerelis, got by heart almost the entire vocabulary of Latin and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turn English into Latin and vice versa construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, ellipses and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in Comenius's Janua; begun himself to write legibly and had a strong passion for Greek. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and what he remembered of the parts of plays which he could also act, and when seeing a Plautus in one's hand, he asked what book it was, and being told it was comedy and too difficult for him, he wept in sorrow." Our Jonathan Edwards was not perhaps in infancy quite the equal of this English child, but there is a letter here which he wrote at the age of 12, in which he replied with

the most astonishing irony to somebody who had advanced the idea that the soul remained in the body until after the resurrection. Mrs. Earle's book overflows with illustrations which are as interesting as the text. They include everything from hornbooks to portraits,

"The Monk and the Dancer" (Scribners) is

series concerns itself with the adventures of Brother Angelo of the monastery of La Trappe He was young and innocent and he looked like the pictures of Saint Sebastian-but he fell under the spell of Dolores, a Spanish dancer of great beauty and indifferent morals. He got over the garden wall and went to Venice with her-but she grew tired of his innocence and left him suddenly to go back to a bullfighter. Then Angelo, after following her to Paris, where he accepted the temporary hospitality of a friendly young woman that he met at the Folies Bergeres, walked back to the monastery and was good again. In another of the stories we read of a gentleman who found the date of his death written in scarlet letters on the fleshy part of his arm; while yet another shows us a day in the life of the Bishop of Porto Rico, who left his wife at a New York hotel and set out to buy some nectarines for her, but was seriously delayed. He dropped in at the Saunterers' Club to rest a little while. "Shall I bring you a paper, my lord?" asked the

"Yes," said the Bishop. "I should like to see the last copy of the Churchman. 'Very sorry, my lord, but we don't take in the

Churchman," said William. "Will you try the Erening Post, my lord? The Post is a very serious paper. 'No," replied the Bishop, "I think I will take a lit-

Shortly after that the Bishop began to grow wildly exhilarated he didn't get home to his wife till quite late and he forgot the nectar-But by far the most curious of them all is the story of Mr. Smith's uncle, who lent a man 25,000 francs to go and hunt for the Garden of Eden and the Tree of Life

"A Visit to a Ghani" (Alice B. Stockham & Co., Chicago, Ill.) is Mr. Edward Carpenter's account of a curious experience in Ceylon. There are several objective points of interest to the investigator in the gem-like isle. Some take delight in the cinnamon gardens, and some go inland to see the tea plantations, while others immediately investigate the excellent prawn curries that are prepared in all their perfect harmony at Mount Lavinia. But Mr. Carpenter is a mystic and he was looking for a Ghani. Now a Ghani, so far as we understand the matter, is the same thing as a Guru. and a Guru is a man who used to be a Yogi. A Yogi is also sometimes called a Fakir. A Guru therefore is a Hindu gentleman who spends most of his time sitting on a couch with his legs coiled under him, wrapt in the serene contemplation of his own stomach. Some attain to perfection in this quiescent branch of artthough it is doubtful whether the annals of Hindu mysticism can show any adept to compare with a certain legendary Japanese philosopher who indulged in meditation so profound that in course of time his legs dropped off. But this may have been an exaggerated case. The Ghani that Mr. Carpenter met was an elderly man dressed in a white muslin wrapper. When he had been sufficiently stirred up he would launch forth into a long and fluent discourse in he Tamil language. Mr. Carpenter's knowledge of Tamil is slight and he was obliged to glean through an interpreter as much as he could of the contemplative gentleman's disquisitions on the Why and the Whence and the Light that never Was. The result is here given at some ength. The Ghani was well versed in grammer and the law and had a good practical knowledge of cookery. For three years during his preparation to be a Fakir he refrained om speech. When he was hungry he clapped his hands, and his wife brought him food. It is considered a great honor to be a Fakir's wife and true believers are taught, by the Fakir, that it is highly meritorious to give money, food and other things to a holy man. Mr. Carpenter's Ghani habitually passed the greater part of the twenty-four hours in contemplation. From time to time, however, he would wake up and say 'Sandosham, Sandosham eppotham,' which means, joy, always joy. "The true quality of the soul," he said one day, "is that of space, by which it is at rest everywhere But this space (Akasa) within the soul is far above the ordinary material space. The whole of the latter, including all the suns and stars, appears to you then as if it were but an atom of the former," and he held up his fingers as though crumbling a speck of dust between them. So Mr. Carpenter says: "Space itself, delightful creatures that the songsters of our as we know it, may be practically annihilated it is but the superficies; and a person living in London may not unlikely find that he has a back door opening quite simply and unceremoniously out in Bombay." The Ghani also made some remarks on the subject of government and statecraft which impressed Mr. Carpenter as being Carlylean in character. Once he said that "States must be ruled by justice and then they will succeed"-a remark which we seem to have heard before. In speaking of the English people he described them as hopelessly plunged into materialism, but he thought that If they ever did turn to "sensible pursuits" presumably stomachic contemplation - their perseverance and natural sense of justice would stand them in good stead. At present it was difficult for a Fakir do much good in England, as the English people was as yet unprepared to receive the light. "Those who do," he said, "attain some degree of emancipation these do not know that they have attained though having experience they lack knowledge. * * It is like a man who knows there is ghee (butter) to be got out of a cow (pasu, metaph, for soul) He walks round and round the cow and cries 'O Ghee! O Ghee!' Milk pervades the cow, but he cannot find it. Then when he has learned to handle the teat and has obtained the milk he still cannot find the ghee. It pervades the milk and has to be got by a definite method." This seems to be good symbolism and need not necessarily be narrowed in its application to England only. It may be that in various places n this world man walks around wistfully contemplating many a metaphoric cow from which he cannot get symbolic milk meanwhile murmuring: "O Ghee! O Ghee!" There are many other matters treated of in this little volume which is interesting throughout.

"The Money Sense" (G. W. Dillingham Company), a novel by the woman who writes under the name of John Strange Winter, might have been called "The Sorrowful Story of Angelique," or "The Wearisome Woes of a Peculiarly Unpleasant Young Woman," or in fact anything, so long as the title suggested some mat-

> Foreign Hotels. Foreign Notels.

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London

latest improvements. It is absolutely freproof, down to the concrete floors. Pure water from an Artesian well MR. HENRI MENGAY, Gen. Manager. Of international fame, is under direction the famous Chef, Maitre Thouraud. Meals are served on the romantic terrace over-

Westininster in sight. An Italian orchestra

The Savoy Restaurant, looking the Gardens and River, with St. Paul's a

Grosvenor Square, in the centre of fashionable CLARIDGES HOTEL. London: is the abode of royalty and aristocracy. The best and costliest materials have been employed in the furnishing. Complete suites, including separate vestibules, insures absolute privacy if desired. A Royal Suite (Prince of Wales's) with separate entrance from the main street. Over 300 rooms and 100 bathrooms. The whole house is absolutely fireproof, and

frequented by the elite of London.

four broad fireproof staircases insure absolute safety. The restaurant is regularly MR. HENRI MENGAY, Gen. Manager.

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Is universally recognized as the most beautiful and comfortable, as it is the newest, hotel in Italy. It is the chief rendezvous of American and English society. The lobbies and restaurant, under picturesque illumination. resemble a veritable "midsummer night's dream." MR. A. PPYPPER, Manager.

The Restaurant Marivaux, **PARIS**

More familiar as "Joseph's" opposite the new Opera Comique, has an international reputation of long standing.

the blind girl's own account of her preparation for college and several photographs.

ter both tireseme and unpleasant. We no longer look for anything so old-fashioned as The Macmillans issue an excellent three volume edition of Bosweli's Life of Johnson, reploitation of some of the more unpleasant printed from the edition prepared for them by Mr. Mowbray Morris for the "Globe" series some years ago. The type is large and clear and the general make-up of the book first class. It strikes us as somewhat remarkable that, whereas in England the same firm sells this identical edition at the very reasonable price of three shillings and sixpence (about 87 cents) per lique's unhappiness began at home. She felt that volume, the American buyer is required to pay

"Senator North." Gertrude Atherton (John

"A Difficult Problem. The Staircase at th Heart's Delight and Other Stories." Anna Katharine Green. (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs.) (F. M. Lupton Publishing Company)

"The Sea-Farers. A Romance of a New Eng-land Coast Town." Mary Gray Morrison. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) "Three Score Years and Ten in Retrospect

Boyhood Days. II. Reminiscences of School Experiences from Twenty to Seventy-two. J. W. Hooper. (C. W. Bardsen.) 'The Mind of Tennyson His Thoughts of God, Freedom and Immortality." E. Hershey

Sneath, Ph. D. (Scribners.) "The Garden of Eden." Blanche Willis How

ard (Scribners) "Educational Aims and Methods, Lecture and Addresses. "Sir Joshua Fitch, M. A., L. L. D.

(Macmillans.) "A Country Without Strikes A Visit to the Compulsory Arbitration Court of New Zealand." Henry Demarest Lloyd, with introduction by William Pember Reeves, ex-Minister of Labor in New Zealand. (Doubleday, Page

"The Cross or the Pound. Which? A Talk on the Modernization of Civilization in India with Application to the Hindu and Hinduism." By Major Pangborn. (American News Company. "Passes, or the Beauties of Transportation. Auguste Faure. (The Friedenwald Company, Balimore, Ohio.)

DE KOVENS NEW YORKERS NO MORE. Auction Sale of the Furnishings of Their Former Home.

The passing of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald De Koven from the life of New York was registered yesterday with the sale of the furnishings of their former home, 83 Irving place, by C. E. far-fetched one; alas, it is not an uncommon Smith, auctioneer of the Knickerbocker auction rooms. Some time ago it was announced that life of any woman who marries from other than Mr. and Mrs. De Koven were to live in Washington. The sale was advertised as taking place at the residence of "Mrs. Reginald De Kugen." Flye hundred and forty-three lots were sold on Thursday for \$2,804 55. Yesterday 527 lots, completing the catalogue, were sold for \$7,617.31. Edna Wallace Hopper was a considerable buyer yesterday. The house was crowded almost all the time, chiefly by women. marriage an honorable and a bearable estate ambition bring? Too often, too often the bitter

> Gen. Watson's Daughter to Be Married. Cards are out announcing the approaching marriage of Miss Alice Lyon Watson to Paul Armitage. The ceremony will take place at St John's Church, Bridgeport, Conn., on May 23 and after the ceremony there will be a recepand after the ceremony there will be a reception at the summer home of the bride at Black Eock. Miss Watson is the daughter of Gen. and Mrs. Thomas I. Watson. She was educated in Paris. Mr. Armitage is the son of H. G. Armitage. He graduated with honors from Columbia College and the law school and is now a lawyer in this city.

> > DIED.

BROWN .- On Thursday, May 10, 1900, in this city Harold Brown of Newport, R. I , in the 37th year Notice of funeral hereafter.

CONE .- At Colonia, N. J., on Friday, May 11, 1900 Sarah Kinne, wife of Edward G. Cone. Funeral Monday, on arrival of train leaving New York at 11 o'clock, Pennsylvania R. R.

GLASS-On Thursday, May 10, 1900, of appendi citis, at the German Hospital, R. Bryan Glass, M . D., son of Ella R. and the late Peter B. Glass, in his 42d year.

river, and, above all, we are glad to note that MANSFIELD .- At the quarters of Capt. W. H. Cot fin, Fort Hamilton, N. V., May 11, 1900, the Rev he does not neglect the Buffalo girls - those dear L. Delos Mansfield. youth were wont to invite to come out to-night

Funeral private.

MAURAN. -In this city on May 11, 1900, Mary Louise Nichols, wife of the late Frank Mauran of Providence, R. I. MILLER.-At his residence, Constableville, N. Y. on Thursday, May 10, 1900, Stephen Todd

Miller, aged 77 years Funeral from his late residence on Monday after noon, May 14, 1900, REAGAN .- On Sunday, May 6, 1900, William O

Reagan, beloved husband of Hannah Reagan, Relatives, friends and members of United States Lodge No. 207, F. and A. M., and Anderson Williams Post No. 394, G. A. R., are invited to attend the funeral services at his late residence 72 West 96th st., New York city, on Sunday May 13, 1900, at 1 P. M. Interment at Wood

SCOTT.-Suddenly, on Friday evening, May 11, 1900, at his residence, 258 West 24th st., Arthur. son of Cora M. and the late John B. Scott. Notice of funeral hereafter.

WARWICK .- On Thursday, May 10, 1900, at her residence, 438 West 44th st , Mary J., widow of Andrew Warwick in her 85th wear Funeral from the West Forty fourth Street U. P. Church, between 9th and 16th avs., Sunday, May 13, 1900, at 1 o'clock. Relatives, and friends are invited. Interment at Woodlawn.

THE KENSICO CEMETERY.—Private station, Har-lem Railroad; 48 minutes; ride from the Grand Central Depot. Office, 16 East 42d st.

Special Notices.

A VIGOROUS GROWTH and the original coler liven to the hair by PARKERS'S HAIR HALSAM. HINDERCORNS, the best cure for corns 15 cts. perience'" She was the saddest of a by no HEADACHES cured to stay cured; trial free; liter-sture mailed. DR. WARK, 60 West 104th st.

Religious Notices.

BLOOMINGDALE REFORMED CHURCH-Broadway and 68th st. Rev. Livingston L. Taylor, formerly of the First Congregational Church of Cleveland, Ohio, will preach at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. SHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, 34th st., cor. Park
av. Services at 11 A. M. Rev. Robert Collyer
Sunday school at 10 o'clock in the av. Services at 11 A. M. Rev. Robert Coll-will preach. Sunday school at 10 o'clock in Chapel. Entrance Park av. All cordially invited.

GRACE CHURCH. Broadway, corner 10th st.
Holy Communion, S.A. M.
Early Morning Prayer and Sermon, 6.0'clock
Later Evensong, 8 o'clock.
All sittings free.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, 53d st., corner of Madison ave. Public meeting, Sabbath eventing, May 13th, at 5 o'clock, on behalf of The Peoples Tabernacle, East 104th st. The Rev. Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston will preside. Brief addresses by the Rev. Dr. George T. Purves, Rev. Dr. F. H. Marling and others, Singing by a choir of fifty children from The Peoples' Tabernacle Sabbath School.

THE CREED WE NEED" will be the subject of A. C. Dixon's sermon Sunday morning in Han-on Place Baptist Church. Brooklyn, and Countess schimmelmann speaks in the evening.

Hew Publications.

As affected by the use and abuse of the SEXUAL INSTINCT.

Essentials to the welfare of the individual and the future of the race, By JAMES FOSTER SCOTT,

B. A. (Yale University), M. D., C. M. (Edinburgh University), late Obstetrician to Columbia Hos-pital for Women, Washington, D. C. or which to the contains much plain talking, for which foffer no d fence. Its justification will be found in the body of the work designed to furnish the non professional man with a knowledge which he cannot afford to be without of matters pertaining to the sexual sphere."—From Author's Preface.

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